TIPTREE FAIR

IN

1844:

A CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF THE "UNLETTERED MUSE."

TOTHAM PRIVATE PRESS.

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IN

1844:

A curious Specimen of the "unlettered Muse."

BY "J. B. H."

"More than I saw 'tis 'gainst the law
To write."—PAGE 6.

NOW FIRST PRINTED, VERBATIM, FROM THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT.

A very limited number printed.

TIPTREE HEATH:

PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.

1848.

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1864:

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BY "A. B. R."

"More than I saw 'th 'paint the law
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TIPTREE HEATH:

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TIPTREE FAIR

IN 1844.

[The author's punctuation, etc. is strictly preserved.]

HOT was the morn, and ripe the corn,
The wheats the oats and barley;
Strew'd was my way with flow'rs so gay,
And roses blooming fairly;
Each pretty maid had projects laid,
That morning e'er so early:
Sweet words t' impart to win the heart,
Of him she loved so dearly.

All seem'd blighsome, hearts seem'd lightsome,
On this charming morning;
Each Gigg and chaise, turn'd crooked ways,
All accidences scorning!
Mere infants laugh'd, as quick they pass'd;
As if the Giggs were born in;
And ev'ry Gent, had their heads bent,
Beneath some bonnet, fawning.

I with the rest dress'd in my best,
Was struting most alarming
When on my right enrobed in white,
I spied a maid so charming
Her step was light, her eyes were bright,
—I felt my bosom warming
Oh! temptation! What a sweet sensation!
To feel the soul transforming.

My bosom shook, nor dare I look,
But just askew upon her
Yet by her side I sly did glide,
'Till shame upon my honour
Call'd me an ass; and bid me pass,
And ever more to shun her,
But O, I loved, and as she moved,
I knew I ne'er could spurn her.

To my great joy as I pass'd by
On her sweet lips was playing
A gentle smile, which did beguile
I beg excuse the *saying*,
I ventured then as gallant men
I could not bear delaying!
T' imbrace that form, *and brave the storm*,
Without any more surveying.

Forbear she cried, you will be spied!
I intreat thee wait a while, sir!
Too soon I fear, you've learnt to jeer,—
With flattery to beguile *sir*,
—If you're sincere, you've nought to fear—
Within a half a mile, *sir*,
Some maidens sweet, you'll surely meet,
Dress'd in the grandest stile *sir*.

There's pretty maids, old hags and jades,
Of all denominations
There's one for you, and Joskins too,
No matter what's their stations
At any price, yes, in a trice!
—You want no *explanations*,
May have a *wife*, *not for your life*,
But for your *gratifications*.

Alas! cried I, O, Angel fie,
I've no such thoughts, not I, miss!
'Tis you alone, if smile or frown,
'Tis you that cause this sigh, miss!
Sweet maid forgive? For as I live
To win thy heart I'll try, miss!
Without thee, love! Alone I'll rove,
Untill the day I die, miss!

'Twas nought but love, as one above
Knows all my thoughts and thine, love;
And now I swear I am sincere
—Let all the fault be mine, love;
But if I've grieved thee, I've not deceived thee,
I impatient waits to join, love
My heart with thine if not I'll pine
And quench the flame in wine, love.

I saw her cheek, so lovely meek,
Turn pale at this confession;
And with a sigh, she did comply,
But surely with discretion:
Her trembling hands, shook in their bands,
—I had made the long'd impression!
It was the tear, *soft love* and fear,
Not words, gave the expression.

But now with speed, on Ass and steed,
In rapid haste was pouring
On left and right, some blust'ring wight,
Was bawling out and roaring;
I stood amazed, as on them gazed,
To see all men so soaring;
—Heard Bugles sound, and Drums resound,
And voices loud encoring.

By this my love, had time to prove,
Wither she did admire me;
Love conquer'd shame, and boldness came,
And strictly did desire me
To take her arm without alarm
For so it did require me;
—Nor she refused! though seem'd confused,
Yet pleased at being nigher me.

She silence broke, and thus she spoke,
Are you a stranger hear sir?
Are you aware, 'tis Tiptree Fair!
And we are very near, sir?
Fighting, racing, jumping, pacing
And oft a dancing Bear, sir,
If you'll protect, I'll ne'er suspect
No harm, nor nothing fear, sir.

A stranger, true! I am to you,
Nor ne'er was here before, love;
And with thee I'd stay, to spend one day,
For thee I do adore, love;
On Tiptree green,—else where I ween,
If where the cannons roar, love;
If faithful prove to me my love,
I ne'er will leave thee more, love.

Red white and blue now 'pear'd in view,
Young jockeys' ribbons flying
They start! they start! like any dart,
The Gents' were loudly crying:
They go, they go, now in a row!
To do their best are trying
Now *Green Cap* leads upon his steed,
And all the rest defying.

Now round the course in rapid force,
Through bushy whin and briar,
Now for the pinch! Give rein one inch,
For now comes in *High-flyer!*
With crimson cap and jacket slap
Young *Creeper* means to try her;
—Left all behind! Deprived of wind—
Some tumbling in the mire.

Now *London Prigs* some person twigs,
And tries their skill to lighten
Them of their *tin*, crying out he win
By Jove ah! he's a bright on',
Or from some fob, a watch they'll job!
Then feign a row, at fightin';
And in the bustle the *watch* they *hustle*,
—Such sport do they delight in.

'Tis soon found out, the thieves are about!
By a roaring out, *Policeman!*
My watch I've lost Five Pounds it cost
It was well worth the price, man;
And to obtain my watch again,
I beg for your advice, man,
'Tis my belief I know the thief,
I twig'd him at it twice, man.

Make no delay, he's gone that way,
Dress'd like a London Prig, man,
Bright auburn hair complection fair
Of fashion he's a sprig, man,
By G—d I'd shoot th' infernal brute
If I the blade could spy, man,
But in the dance if I've a chance,
I'll pull his curly wig, man.

Tiptree Fair in MDCCCXLIV.—V.

Now soon's this wight was out of sight,
We quickly were advancing;
'Twixt Booths so grand where waiters stand,
And lads and lassies dancing;
In pantaloons were great Buffoons
Upon the stages prancing—
As we did rove upon my love!
Full many an eye was glancing.

'Mongst thimble rigs, and twirling-gigs,
Were many urchins gambling;
For nuts and cakes some shabby rakes
Amidst the crowd were scrambling
And *Dick* and *Doll*, and *Mick* and *Moll*,
Dressed in their best were rambling
From end, to end, their way did bend,
Like jolly Joskins, shambling.

And many were there at a *distance* fair,
Who lull'd in a grand Phæton
To make a show had at their elbow
A *livery* Servant waiting;
But soon I saw, in one a flaw,
Still she was fascinating;
And she was no more than a common wh—e!
From Colchester retreating.

Her outward form had power to charm
Each fop around her *fawning*
Her fine blue eyes, and feigned sighs,
Gave them but little warning
—Glass after glass, quick drain'd this lass!
She soon was drunk and yawning
And ere rose the Sun, such tricks she had done,
They wish'd her dead next morning.

Famed London Booth, to tell the truth,
Was decorated grand, sir,
To draw each lad, both good and bad,
They had a noble Band, sir,
And a fugal-man, "just for a drachm,"
To tell them where to stand, sir,
And when the Fiddle play'd down *the middle*,
He placed them hand in hand, sir.

And many were there, that night I fear,
Who had in their possession,
Which they again can ne'er obtain,
Nor lost, if used discretion:
But who e'er they be, they were kind and free,
Yet knew 'twas a *transgression:*
And it did impart, in each tender heart
A deep, and fond impression.

Here each coxcomb *away from home*
May sport his half a crown, sir,
With his charming belle, may cut a swell;
With his watch guard hanging down, sir,
And on my word, there's not a Lord!
In City or in Town, sir,
(Search far and wide) shows half the pride
As a home spun country clown, sir.

And here some lad, fresh from his dad
And mummy, comes to courting;
And soon's he sees a wench that please,
He's quickly her escorting;
Without alarm upon his arm,
His *Polly* he's supporting
Till spent his all! Then what a snarl,
Through *Polly* he is brought in.

And shopmen too, more than a few,
Like sailors fresh from sea, sir;
Like rabid sharks, they play'd their larks,
Here at their annual spree, sir;
And they drain'd the glass, till drunk as an Ass,
—Nor could they hear nor see, sir,
And they yell'd and cried! like De—ls untied,
Or cag'd Baboons let free, sir.

More than I saw 'tis 'gainst the Law,
To write, and spoil my paper;
Unless that I could pen a lie,
And buy my paper cheaper:
But now no more is heard the roar
Of drummers, nor the *scraper;*
—No more is seen on stage or green,
The merry *Andrew's* caper.

For now the night has took its flight,
And another day is dawning;
How dull each scene is on the green,
How solomn seems the morning,
Some! yesterday, were blythe and gay,
All melancholy scorning;
Alas! such may have gone astray
And now lamenting, mourning.

Now as I stood in silent mood,
Musing on departed night
And gazing on the rising Sun
Which shone in splendor bright,
Old *Totham h*—— rush'd on the course
(A loggerheaded wight,)
I'm champion here cried Bob I'll swear
And toss'd his hat to fight.

Unconquer'd *Bob* soon found a job,
—Young *T*——*n* bold and stout
Soon crock'd his eyes! and by surprize
He learnt *Him* "right about,"
With *dubs* and *fibs* he crack'd his ribs,
Then thump'd his broken snout
Then from his waist his belt unlaced,
And put Old *Bob* to rout.

I will give in, nor think to win,
Cried *Bob* thou art my master!
So sure's thy guard, and hit so hard,
Like thunder-bolts and faster;
—I've had more holes from knocks and rolls,
Than any pepper Caster;
And on my face at every place
I've use'd some yards of plaister.

And then he swore I'll fight no more
'Till Harvest time is over
But then I'll try—for staunch am I!—
If I should ne'er recover,
Strip'd "in my skin" I'll then go in,
Like a Horse that's fresh from clover;
Then wept and said I'm not afraid!
For of fighting I'm a Lover.

Although my boy, I can't deny,
But thou hast *lick'd* me now lad;
Next time we meet, I war'nt I'll beat,
Grand *science* I will show lad;
But 'ere we part, with all my heart,
We'll friendly end the row lad:
We will leave the ring go and drink and sing
And to the goblet bow lad.

So off they went like hounds on scent
More friendly than before, sir;
And took their glass beside some lass
Who paid for them their *score*, sir,
Then I left the spot, and each drunken sot,
Asham'd to hear their lore, sir,
And here I'll end what I have penn'd,
For I cannot write no more, sir.

Notes.

Page 4, *stanza* 1.—*Green Cap*, a boy who rode a horse belonging to a Mr. Holding, a horse dealer.

P. 4, *s.* 2.—*Creeper*, Mr. Quihampton's horse, rode by George Edwards, groom at Mr. John Payne's, Maldon, but he lost his situation through coming to the fair.

P. 5, *s.* 3.—There were several w——s from Colchester, dressed very grand, and appeared very beautiful at a distance, but quite the reverse as they approached.

P. 5, *s.* 5.—In one of the *London* booths (so called) there were men, women, and girls, of all denominations, attempting to perform a *country dance*, but their efforts were in vain until one of the bandsmen put them in the way.

P. 6, *s.* 3.—I saw a young man, I might say a mere boy, from the neighbourhood of Totham, who I knew perfectly well (which attracted my attention very much) conducting a little bit of a girl up and down the fair, treating her to everything she desired, and, I believe, he had the misfortune to return home moneyless.

TIPTREE HEATH, JULY, 1844.

Tiptree Heath: Printed at Charles Clark's Private Press.

THE TRIP TO TIPTREE;

OR, A LOVER'S TRIUMPH.

Humbly presented to the Philologist, as a specimen of the dialect of the peasantry of Essex.

Youn' Simon ov Tiptree, a noice steady lad was he,
The jouy ov his moather—the proide ov his dad was he ;
An', as a ploughmun, folks say, yow scace ever ded
Clap oyes upun one wot his wark hafe so clever ded.

To "come oup" to him, all his mates, they bestirrers wor,
For straight—proper straight uns—they spied all his thurrars wor ;
But, our Simon, nut onny at *ploughin'* excel ded he,
If he sew, rep, or mew, stell the same, oh! so well ded he!

Stron' an' clunchy was Simon, an' noice carlly hair he had,
With health's tint on his chakes, through the dale ov fresh air he had:
With a charriter gud, ne'er lack "dubs" in his puss ded he,—
Ollis "bobbish" an' gay, long pass his loife thus ded he.

Howsomever, this genus—this lad ov ability—
Soon foun' a sad stup put to all his tranquillity ;
For into his heart soon much fudder love's arrars went,
Thun into the mouls e'er the teeth ov his hurrars went!

All the cause ov his troubles, 'twas werry soon sin, they say,—
He had so fell in love with one fair Dorcas Winn, they say ;
Such a noice gal was Dorcas, the chaps all look'd sloy at her,
An,' poor Simon, *he* too, had oft caist a ship's oye at her.

Quoite the proide ov oad Tiptree this naarbour's gud darter was,
Whoile for some toime our Simon's wesh her to "goo arter" was;
An' that what cud nut be at some other places done,
Was—an' nut so wusser—soon at Tiptree Races done!

Nation plased now was Simon—his sithin' was banish'd quoite ;
To his gal he'd "struck oup," an,' his fares, they had wanish'd quoite:
His Dorcas's conduct, oh! now it was such he ded
E'en begin to hev thotes ov the axin' at chutch, he ded!

Our Simon an' Dorcas, stell yit on the Heath wor they—
Now sot down in some "Tavin," 'neath the floral wreath wor they:
Where there was such guzzlin,' and such ham-an'-wealin' it,—
Whoile many loike blazes kept on toe-an'-heelin' it.

At Tiptree, the pair, oup an' down long parade ded they,
An' oyed all the "soights"—all the wonders display'd ded they;
'Ginst the shows, with mouth opun, our Simon, long stan' ded he,
Tell, ov coas, into etch, with much grace, his lass han' ded he!

Who's on Tiptree's coas *arly*, sure, but a doull clown is he,
There no racers *come oup* tell the sun nare *gone down* is he!
Oh! there spud, sure, ov "bloods" be an arlier ridin' there:
Strange! to foind there's no *heat* tell the sun is subsidin' there!

Howsomever, our pair, ov the hosses—*at length*—they had
Cotch a wiew some vay oaf—when to so troy their strength they had;
Jes to roights run'd the fust—for, though git such a check did he,
At las'—as some beauties hev—*win by a neck* ded he!

Though so spirity etch, all the tothers, 'twas plain, they had
But bin "leather'd" for nought—but strain'd etch *narve in wain they had!*
An' when their cute backers twig'd that *behine* range ded they—
(An' foun' hootch had bet)—think it "*passin* strange" ded they!

Whoile at Tiptree, poor Dorcas, once or twoice rayther frown'd had she,
For, somehows, so dartied her best yallar gownd had she;
An', our Simon, some chaps there to bouy ded beset him so,
He at last ded agree, when he foun'—they had chet him so!

To be oaf frum their "Tavin" quoite toime it now gittin' was,—
'Sides, there was such a tarnation smudge where etch sittin' was:
So when 'mong the stalws they had had a shote roam agin,
Frum the Heath they wor trapsin' to Dorcas's home agin.

When snoug frum the boustle, fond Simon, full oft ded he,
"To her head," tell his love such a kit ov things "soft" ded he;
An' his Dorcas, she trusted—(but wot lover do less ded he?)—
That he'd soon come agin—for *wot*, Simon, guess ded he!

A few moanths arter this, our pair, made but one wor they,
"Tied oup," one foine moarn, by some grave Levi's son wor they;
An' yow'd guess, by the smoile wot now plays on both faces stell,
That they've cause to remember with jouy Tiptree Races stell!

CHARLES CLARK,
Author of "John Noakes," a poem in the
Essex Dialect.

Great Totham Hall, near Tiptree, Essex,
February, 1842.

To Collectors and Others.

More Brochures from the Totham Private Press.

Pleasant Quippes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen, by Stephen Gosson, "Parson of Great Wigborow, in Essex." To which is added, Pickings and Pleasantries from "The Trumpet of Warre," a Sermon preached at Paules Crosse, by Gosson,—8vo. 13 leaves, 1*s.* 6*d.* = = = = = 1847

Gosson's poem is of the greatest rarity. It is a satirical attack on the manners and dress of the latter part of the sixteenth century. Only two copies are known to exist.

Narrative of the Miraculous Cure of Anne Munnings, of Colchester, by Faith, Prayer, and anointing with Oil, on New-year's Day, 1705; Crafty Kate, of Colchester, a rare and whimsical old Ballad; an extraordinary Love-Letter, addressed to a Lady of Maldon, in 1644; and the Maldon Martyr, 1555,—8vo. 12 leaves, 1*s.* 6*d.* = = = = = = = = 1847

Fairlop and its Founder; or, Facts and Fun for the Forest Frolickers, by a Famed First Friday Fairgoer. Contains Memoirs, Anecdotes, Poems, Songs, &c. with the curious Will of Mr. Day, never before printed,—8vo. 1*s.* = = 1847

Poor Robin's Perambulation from Saffron-Walden to London: Performed this month of July, 1678.—*Nearly ready.*

An exceedingly rare, curious, and interesting poem, supposed to be written by Winstanley. Not in the Museum.

Mirth and Metre; or, Rhymes, "Raps," and Rhapsodies, by Charles Clark, of Totham.—*Preparing.*

Totham: Printed at Charles Clark's Private Press.

1 A Catalogue of ye Confessors
of Jah: on K: Ch: ye 2d

2 Jhn Younger Brothers Apology
or, the Fathers free power disputed
for the Deposing of his Sonn &c

3 & Cri: R: Calvin of ye Supposed
& Reply of the Earle of Stafford
at his tryall don by on his Sonn

4 Law Cliff Clyth Robbins discovered

5 Estwood Equally contrived
& devised as a Generall
6 Directory for Common Prayer &c.
Two Seasonable discourses concerning
the present parliament 1675
Another Treat out of same subject

7 K: Ch: His case as to his
tryall, with an additional
opinion controuerting ye Statute
of Reg: Jacobi ye 1st: of Treason
& Blood &c: Printed by Go:
& Cooke &c: Grayes Inn

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